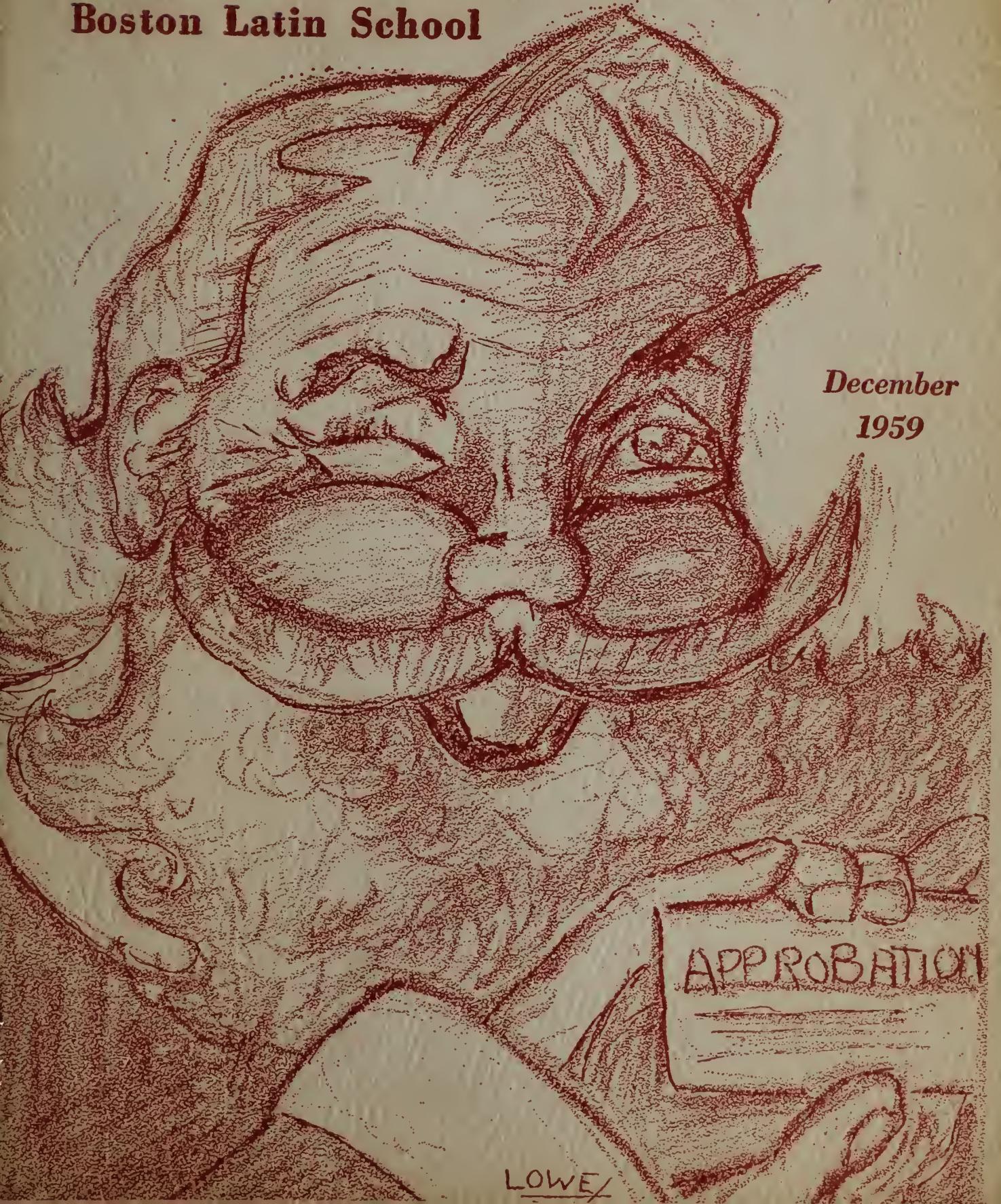


REGISTER

Boston Latin School



December
1959

APPROBATION

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REGISTER



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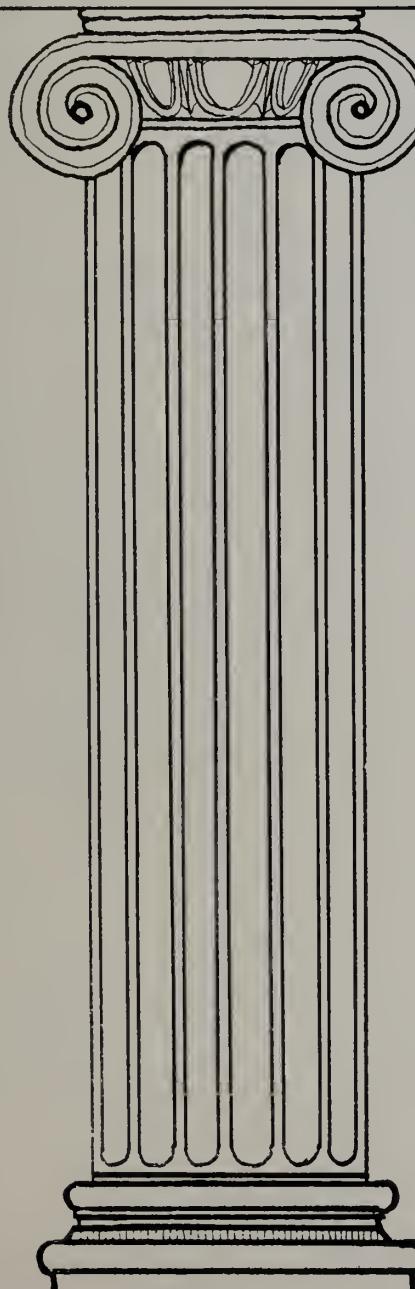
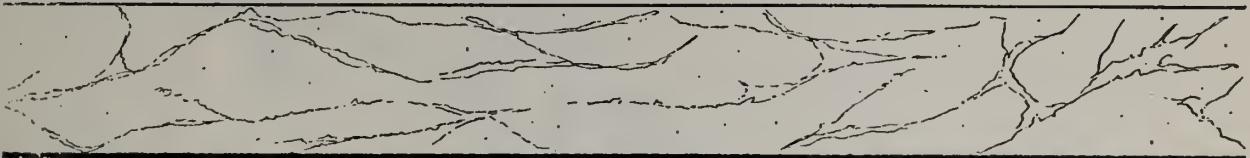
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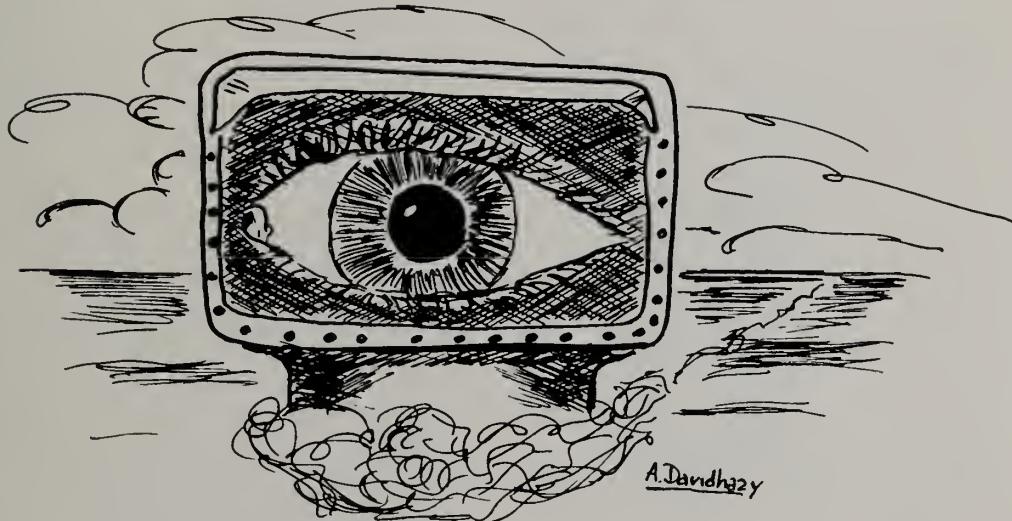
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The Big Eye

DAVID ISRAEL '61



The orders in the brown envelope were simple and arbitrary: destroy Allied shipping off Brazil.

As his handpicked crew marched into the sleek ship, Captain Franz Kohler, commander of the German submarine U-48, thought of other things. The sharp and prideful salute concealed his thoughts, crazy thoughts, and yet . . . They were saying the Führer was ill. Perhaps he would die. Kohler could see the rats scrambling. They would probably kill themselves off one by one. "The Reichland needs someone young and strong like you, Franz." "Yes, but the Führer is still alive and so are the others. What chance have I then?" "Hear me well, Franz, there is evil about; men are meeting, talking. Be patient, Franz, patient." Patient. Franz Kohler was now forty-three and the Führer was still alive, yet the hope was always there before him.

The blazing sun turned the calm ocean into a wall of blue flame. Across that wall crept an American cargo carrier bound for Europe. "Down to periscope depth. Up periscope."

The ship was silent except for the swish of the narrow tube rising from its well. Bent, Kohler followed the periscope up, crouching behind it like a cat stalking its prey. His lips were parted slightly; the look of death was on his face. "Four degrees left! Set depth to six feet!" "Four degrees left! Six feet! Mark!" Kohler had the helpless vessel in his crossbeams. "She's trying to escape," he thought coldly. The cruel steel eye, whose one purpose was to search the sea for the killer belly lurking beneath, now held the ship in its steel trap.

"Fire torpedo three!" The unblinking eye pursued. Then there was a soft splash and the torpedo whispered under the waves. An explosion rocked the sea.

"Perfect kill!" he cried, not to his men, but to the silent lense before him. "I am patient. I am patient." The lensed-hunter moved silently away from its kill, leaving the men of the ship burning in a sea of flaming oil. Kohler leaned his brow on the cool metal of the tube and closed his eyes. "Much depends on the success of your next

mission, Franz. The Reich is waiting for news of your great success." "The time is ripe, then?" "Yes, Franz, the time is ripe."

After a few days, a tanker headed east was sighted. She had seen the big eye, and was trying to escape by laying down a smoke screen. But nothing could hide from the all-seeing eye. When it couldn't see the prey, the submarine followed its telltale wake. "Fire torpedo five!" In the next instant, a second wake was carved out of the water. As the baleful eye watched coldly, the paths of the two wakes crossed. A large burst, a sudden shiver, and all was calm. The eye roamed on, never sleeping, always searching...

The warm June breeze hid the big eye from the Allied merchantmen; for the sea was now dotted with mountains of blue, moving mountains which provided a shelter for the eye bobbing in the ever-changing depressions. As the screams carried across the ocean, Kohler's thoughts wandered to the Fatherland... "Yes the time is ripe. Only to wait for the death of one man, Franz." Kohler could no longer be patient.

July, unappeased, the black killer rose to the surface. Kohler cooled his sweating brow against the cold metal of the lense. A vast void stretched before him. The mission had been a great triumph for him, and now Kohler saw the people yelling anxiously for him... "The stage is cleared for a new actor." He turned away from the lense and looked at his men. A fierce

pride came over his stark features as he looked once again into the lense. He looked up, terrified. He stared into the lense. A path was being cut from the water, a path which unerringly closed on the U-48.

Kohler panicked. He must not die. "Quick! Dive! Dive! You must save me!" He looked entreatingly at his men, who stood before him frozen with horror. "Don't you know who I am? I am the Führer. The Führer!" The men fumbled in confusion. The big eye revolved wildly in all directions in a frantic effort to find its hidden attacker, its hidden challenger. Emptiness, a vast emptiness stretched before its cold gaze. "I'm the Führer, the Führer! Save me! Don't you see? I must not die now!"

The water closed about him. The second torpedo struck. "You fools; you must save me! I'm the second Führer..."

The warm water caressed his body like the touch of death. Now he could hear the metal threads which held the killer together bursting from the pressure. "I'm the second... Oh! My God! My God! Please help me!" The water swirled around his lifeless body. The U-48 sank slowly into the dark. Then there was a slight murmur as the metal killer touched the soft sand. The big eye saw no more... "You must be patient, Franz, patient." "Yes. I will be patient."

All was silent as the American submarine cut through the warm western seas.

whither the weather

WILLIAM JAMES SARILL '59

*for three days the spiders
have been trying to spin
thick, dirtied mats of clouds
across the sky . . .
three days,
and every day dawns crisp and blue,
the tides rush in from Canada,
and up above
a frozen spume remains to mark
the graves of icy waves.
three days of patient battle—
tomorrow I think it will snow.*

The Great Adventure Of Lawrence Smedley

KENNETH R. SPRING '60

It so happened that once there was one Lawrence Smedley, a high school senior. He was not a very impressive senior, for he was about five feet tall and weighed approximately eighty-nine pounds. He was not very smart either; in fact, he had flunked five subjects the first month and was really depressed. The advisors from various colleges had been speaking about the requirements for admission at their schools, and Lawrence realized that the only college that he had any real chance of entering was Mrs. Eggleston's School for Social Charm. Naturally, such an alternative was out of the question.

One day Lawrence thought of a scheme that could enable him to enter Slovnick University, the best college in the country. He would become a football player!

After all, everyone knows that Slovnick accepts all football players and even gives them scholarships. Now, if he became a football player he could go to Slovnick University and become somebody. The next day Lawrence went to the football practice session for a try-out.

"What is it, Smedley? What are you doing here?" exclaimed the coach.

"Sir, I-I-I would like to play football, sir, please."

"That's interesting," said the coach with a sly smirk; and then, impulsively, "be at practice tomorrow at 4:30 P.M. and we'll see how good you are."

"Thank you, sir! Thank you!" cried Lawrence gleefully.

On his way home from school that day, Lawrence was a changed boy. He walked with a sure, confident step. Suddenly he was confronted by Steve Strongheart, star guard for the football team. The sidewalk was too narrow for them to go by each other; one of them had to step aside.

"I won't move," thought Lawrence. "I'm a football player, too — well, almost."

"Well, runt, you asked for it," growled Strongheart as he tapped Lawrence expertly on the jaw with a vicious left hook.



LOWE/103/

When he awoke, Lawrence was sitting placidly in the gutter and before him stood a tall, hatchet-faced man with a wide, devilish grin on his face.

"How do you do, Mr. Smedley," the man said. "My name is Applegate. I'm here to help you."

"Howja do, Misser Appletree," babbled Lawrence dazedly.

"I am here to do you a favor, Smedley. How would you like to be a star football player? Just sign this little paper and tomorrow you will be on the first team. Naturally there's an obligation."

"Never mind the obligation," said Lawrence, "I'll sign. I'll sign anything. Where's the pen?"

"Here," said the stranger, "Use one of my horns. It's detachable and writes red. But just one thing. You have to promise me you'll fulfill your obligation in two years."

Now "obligation" was a 1A vocabulary word so Lawrence who was in 1B just said, "All right — I guess I can take it."

"I shall see you in two years, Lawrence. Until then, good luck," said Applegate. He then disappeared in a flash of fire. This sort of startled Lawrence a little, but he was much too excited about his future to give it much thought.

The next day Lawrence was the first one to arrive at the practice field, and he began to "suit up." While he was still dressing, the coach came over to him with a look of astonishment on his face.

"Smedley, what are you doing here?"

"But, sir, you told me to report today for a try-out," said Lawrence nervously.

"I wasn't serious. I was only joking."

"Please give me a chance, coach, please."

"All right, Smedley, but it's your funeral," said the coach quickly.

The coach told Lawrence to stand at one end of the practice field, and he told another player to stand at the other end of the field.

"All right, Smedley, tackle him," he said. Then he said to the other player, "Be gentle with him, Strongheart; we don't want him killed."

"Don't worry, coach, I'll just rough him up a little bit," rumbled Strongheart as he raced toward Lawrence at top speed.

Lawrence trotted slowly onto the field and watched the other player racing toward him.

"It's Strongheart!" he said with surprise.

Suddenly a great blinding rage obsessed him. He ran toward Strongheart with amazing speed and astonishing power. As they neared each other, Lawrence, instinctively, lowered his head and charged.

When Lawrence opened his eyes, he was standing next to Strongheart, who lay groaning on the ground. The coach patted Lawrence on the shoulder and introduced him to the head coach of Slovnick University.

"That was quite a tackle, Lawrence, boy. How would you like to play football for Slovnick University?" said the coach.

"It was? Uh-well-uh," said Lawrence dumbfounded.

"Of course, we'll give you a full scholarship, Lawrence," said the head coach.

And so Lawrence went to Slovnick University and became a great football star. Perhaps you are asking yourself, "I wonder what happened to good old Lawrence?" Well, on September 24, 1964, exactly two years from the time that he had met Mr. Applegate, Lawrence Smedley disappeared in a pillar of fire during a football game. But this didn't surprise the fans very much, because—Devil or no Devil—by this time Lawrence Smedley had become the hottest thing in college football pants anyway.

Into Orbit

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

Apollo II sat on the launching pad minus her nose cone, while a busy ground crew swarmed over her. The towering bulk was bathed in the fierce glare of searchlights, reflecting the whiteness of her polished coat and the black identification stripes covering her from nose to tail.

The bullhorn blared: "X-30 minutes. All unauthorized personnel please evacuate the base." A squawking of automobile horns filled the air as a hoard of cars tried to jam through the gates and take up favorable positions outside.

"X-25 minutes! Crew to the nose cone. Begin final fueling!"

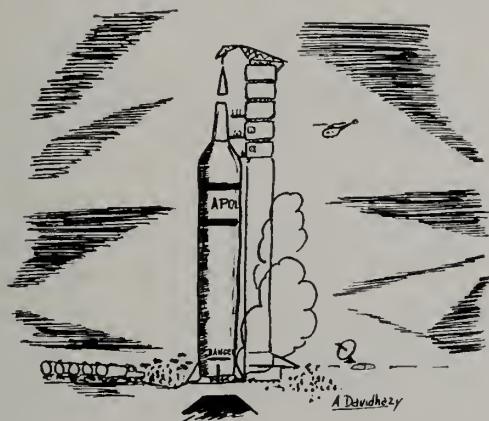
Four men wearing pressure suits waddled up to the nose cone resting on the ground next to the pad. As they climbed in, a pressure door was sealed behind them and a giant crane lifted the entire nose cone off the ground and set it gently on top of waiting Apollo.

"X-10 minutes. Start Pumps. Yellow Alert. Repeat! Yellow Alert!"

All but a skeleton fueling crew moved away to the blockhouse and safety. A

high-pitched whine rose from the poised monster as pumps primed her giant engines. Liquid oxygen, her life's breath, bubbled from a vent in the side and vaporized in the muggy Florida air.

"X-60 seconds! Red Alert! Repeat! Red Alert!"



Now the skeleton fueling crew were unfastening its wide-mouthed hoses and scurrying away.

"X-10 seconds, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5"

The rumble of gargantuan engines was coming to life. The whine of the fuel pumps grew shrill, piercing.

"4, 3, 2, 1" The bullhorn screamed, "Fire!"

An intense ear-splitting noise filled the air as one and one half million pounds of thrust heaved the vast bulk of Apollo into the air.

"Go, go, go,!" shrieked the bullhorn.

The rocket rose one hundred . . . two hundred feet, still trailing its ghost of liquid oxygen.

"Keep goin'! Keep goin'!"

A party of newsmen, just outside base limits, their cameras with high power lenses straining to record the rapidly receding flame boosting four men and forty million dollars into the moon-lit sky, gave their report to the breathlessly waiting nation:

"Ladies and gentlemen, to all outward appearances, the preliminary stages of Operation Manshoot have gone very well. The new missile Apollo appears to have functioned perfectly. With my high powered binoculars, I can still make out the exhaust flame flickering amidst the stars. It looks from here as if man has

finally gotten into orbit around the earth. Now, we switch you back to our studios and the program in progress."

Inside the blockhouse there was still no rejoicing. Everyone waited expectantly to see if the engine would remain burning for the minimum time required to get the rocket into orbit.

How often in the past has a vehicle managed to attain an altitude of about one hundred and fifty miles when the engine quit ten seconds prematurely, forcing the crew to eject, and sending the rocket hurtling back to earth?

The engineers and technicians, the men that had given the bird life, huddled in their concrete buttress and stared at the ceiling as if to boost their brainchild upwards with mental pressure.

Over the P. A. system a clear voice read off the number of seconds till burn-out.

"Fifteen ten five"

This was the closest they had ever come to success.

"Four, three, two, one burnout!"

There was wild cheering in the blockhouse.

The engine burned on, boosting the rocket into outer space.

"Plus five, six, seven, eight, nine" went the clear voice.

"Stop! Stop!" someone wailed. "Why don't you stop?"

"Automatic and manual cut-offs have failed!"

"Plus twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three"

"There it goes! It's burning out!"

"Get them on the radio. Tell them to fire their reverse rockets!"

"Calling Manshot. Come in! Come in!"

"Manshot here; go ahead."

"Fire your nose rockets!"

"We tried that twenty seconds ago, but all the reverse rocket fuel leaked into the main engine. That's what kept it burning so long."

"Do you know what this means, Manshot?"

"We realize, Canaveral. We're getting out of radio range now, so goodbye Canaveral. Goodbye Earth."

The voice faded and was lost in the crackle of static.

*Encore une année pénible se passait
La France se battait toujours.*

*Ouvrons les annales de l'Histoire.
A une page sanglante nous voyons
Un homme chétif sur une butte,
Veillant sur les fantassins —
Tuant et étant tués.*

Tout ou Rien

R. T. CREUTZ '60

*D'abord l'homme sourit,
Ensuite il gémit.
L'incendie et la fumée l'entourent.
La voix rauque du canon
Gronde, mais pour lui c'est
Comme la musique tintante
D'une guitare espagnole.*

*Pourquoi s'ennuyer de la
Vie, it de la mort?
Il allait devenir
Empereur de la France.*

*Il y avait beaucoup
De tels hommes en France
Dans cette année terrible.
Des ames déroutées
Qui croyaient que la grandeur est couchée
Dans le pouvoir, tandis qu'elle
Germe de la noblesse.*

The Miser

DAVID ZIPPIN '59

*A thousand leaves are falling through the air.
The tinkling sound, along the brook, is iced with night.
Far off,
The moon slips up the mountains.
The caps flash rows of orange light.*

*A tiny man sitting on a spot of green,
Wraps his hands around a knee
While zephyrs soothe his wrinkled cheek.*

*With childlike mouth, he gazes through
The wispy clouds in trees,
Then draws long breath through fragrant blades,
And chuckles softly with the breeze.*

Known But To God

ALAN GURMAN '63

Suddenly, in the dark, the voice of the sentinel is heard: "Halt! Who is there?" Then comes the reply: "A relief commander and one sentinel." The first sentinel declares: "Advance, relief commander only . . . to be recognized."

This is the ritual for the changing of the guard which takes place on the hour, day and night, at our national cemetery, Arlington, before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of World War I. It is here that General George C. Marshall was buried this past October 20th on the lower edge of the mall leading to the tomb of the famed unidentified soldier.

A great many unidentified soldiers lie buried in the national cemetery. Though we use the term "soldiers" it is not definitely known which branch of the Armed Forces they represented. Actually, no one knows whether or not the Unknown Soldier himself was a member of the U. S. Army. Following the burial ceremony at Arlington in 1921, however, Americans accepted the beautifully worded inscription on the sacred tomb: "HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO GOD."

The truth is that unknown soldiers are found in every war. In 1866 at Arlington a monument was erected to commemorate the common grave of 2,111 bodies gathered at Bull Run. Such a grave is merely a place for the unidentified dead. However, the idea of the "unknown soldier" is that any person who has lost a friend or relation whose body has not been identified can stand at the tomb and think that *his* body might be there.

No President, no national hero, ever went to his final rest with the honors given to our Unknown Soldier at Arlington on Armistice Day, 1921. He was given the Congressional Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, plus the highest military honors of Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. He was honored by three presidents: Harding, Taft, and Wilson. General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force, walked behind the gun-carriage in which lay the casket. Marshall Foch, Allied Supreme

Commander, was present, and also Admiral Beatty, the British sea lord.

Today, of the 95,000 graves at Arlington, the only tomb which has a sentry is that of the Unknown Soldier. It has been said that it is easier to meet entrance requirements for West Point than it is to join the Honor Guard which has a man standing guard 24 hours a day, good weather or bad. To qualify for the Honor Guard, a soldier must be accepted in the 1st Battle Group, 3rd Infantry, which is the crack regiment and oldest division of the U. S. Army. Then he must survive two selection processes to become a member of the Honor Company. Finally he must receive an assignment as the quarters sentinel of the Chief of Staff and perform that duty well before he is even considered for the Honor Guard itself.

He must be five feet eleven inches to six feet two inches in height, possess proportionate weight and build, and have no physical eccentricity that detracts from his appearance. A man with any disciplinary action on his record may never walk this post.

Each sentinel patrols for one hour in the daytime and two hours at night. He walks his post in strict attention exactly forty-two times each hour. Each move is precisely timed: 27 steps from one end of the post to the other; exactly 20 seconds facing the city of Washington; and exactly 20 seconds facing the tomb. The guard carries a very well polished rifle with a fixed bayonet, always making sure to keep it on the shoulder away from the tomb, which symbolizes that he has placed his body between the tomb and all danger.

On May 15, 1958, the matter of selecting one of the unidentified dead from Korea was performed by an enlisted man with a highly distinguished battle record. The scene was the National Memorial Cemetery at Honolulu. All the unidentified dead of the Korean War were buried in Hawaii.

However, it was a much more difficult matter to select the unidentified dead from World War II, since the dead from that war had been buried in more than 400 cemeteries. Under the plan developed by the Quartermaster General, four bodies were

exhumed from the U. S. cemetery at Manila, then airlifted to Hawaii, and at Hickman Air Force were joined by two more World War II bodies from our cemetery in Hawaii. From these six identical caskets, an enlisted man, on May 16, chose one. Meanwhile, from each of the thirteen American cemeteries in Europe and North Africa, an unidentified body was sent to Epinal, France. There one of the thirteen was chosen, and two weeks later this casket and the one from the Pacific, identical and undistinguishable, rested beneath flags on the cruiser "Canberra," which was going northward from a naval rendezvous at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Off the Virginian coast, a Navy man, wearing the Medal of Honor, proceeded up to the caskets and made the final decision. One body was given the time-honored burial at sea. The other casket met that from Korea at a destroyer for the run up the Potomac.

There followed the reception at the Washington dock, the escort to the capital, the forty-eight hours of lying in state, the procession to Arlington, the award of military decorations, the address by the President, the volley by the riflemen, and the mournful sounding of taps. Then the nation's grief gave way to prayers that this ceremony would never again be necessary.

Viewpoint

STEPHEN ARNOLD '60

The ride home was miserable. For perhaps a half-hour Frank stood and was jostled. He tried to ease the strain on his tired arms by switching his books from hand to hand, but he succeeded only in chafing the wrists and hurting the muscles of both arms. When he finally got a seat, he found it uncomfortable. He attempted to joke with his friends. However, the puns and standard humor about school-life did not take his mind off the yellow envelope in his math book. He was glad when his friends left the street car. It gave him a chance to think.

Fifty-seven in English. Well, so what? After all, other boys flunked — it wasn't the end of the world. Still, there were his parents. He knew exactly what would happen. His folks wouldn't be angry with him for flunking. Instead, they would feel that his teacher, old Stern, was at fault. They would say that fifty-seven was almost passing, that he should have been passed. Finally, Frank's mother would suggest that he go up to Stern and ask him to change the mark. Frank would refuse. His folks would become increasingly irate. Then, his father would threaten to call Stern on the phone. The argument would grow worse. They would tell him he couldn't use the car unless he straightened it out. There would be no way out.

When Frank looked up, the streetcar had passed his stop. This added to his grief. He pushed his way to the back door, but the conductor wouldn't open it. Frank wove through the crowd, reached the front

exit and stumbled down the steps.

Outside, the weather was beautiful. The temperature had climbed into the seventies and there was a soft breeze blowing. However, Frank's state of mind kept him from enjoying the day. The spring warmth only mocked him. His clothes stuck to his body, his books dug into his side and pulled on his arms. He bought a candy bar but it gave him no pleasure. The candy was over-sweet and heavy.

When he said he didn't want to talk to Stern, his parents would call him spineless, tell him he was afraid to take a stand. He could see himself talking to Stern, trying to give reasons for the senseless request that would make Stern think he was one of those who groveled for points. But what else would he be able to do?

Frank climbed the steps to his house. He opened the door and walked in. Maybe he could delay, or erase the mark or . . .

"Frankie, did you get your card today?"
"Uh-huh . . . , I'll show it to you."

* * * * *

In Australia, the autumn dawn glowed on the horizon. From Mars, Terra was the brightest star in the night sky. On Betelgeuse III, a star called Sol was barely distinguishable. The cosmos revolved on its axis. Beyond the Milky Way lay another galaxy, and another, stretching on infinitely, marring the empty expanses of the void. And throughout those vast reaches of cold space, not a single being knew (or cared) that Frank had flunked English.

Meet an Alumnus: Leonard Bernstein

JOEL GORDON '60

Leonard Bernstein, now serving as the regular music director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and frequently referred to as the most versatile talent on the American musical scene, was born in Lawrence, Mass., on August 25, 1918, and grew up in Boston. He attended Boston Latin, then Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1934, having studied under A. Tillman Merritt, Walter Piston, and Edward B. Hill. The next two years were spent at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, where he worked under Fritz Reiner in conducting and Randall Thompson in orchestration. He continued his piano studies, begun in Boston with Helen Coates and Heinrich Gebhard, with Isabella Vengrova. Bernstein's march to fame began when, as a student of conducting under the tutelage of Serge Koussevitsky at the Tanglewood Summer Concerts of 1940 and 1941, he caught the eye of Artur Rodzinsky, who engaged him as an assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for 1943-44.

Through the years Leonard Bernstein has appeared with the leading orchestras of the world, including those of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, Rome, Prague, London, Budapest, Vienna, Munich and Israel. He has conducted operatic works at La Scala, and in 1958, toured Latin America with the Philharmonic. Recently he enjoyed a startling triumph in Moscow. Since 1951 he has headed the Orchestra and Conducting Department of the Berkshire Music Festival. From 1951 to 1956 he was a professor of music at Brandeis University.

Mr. Bernstein has been widely hailed for bringing music to the people with his televised lectures on the *Omnibus* program, begun in 1955, and his also televised "Children's Concerts" series. In his various orchestral appearances, he has frequently doubled as a conductor-pianist, and his performances of concerti by Mozart, Beethoven, and Ravel, have revealed him to be a pianist of unusual attainment.



Mr. Bernstein is also well known as a composer. On Broadway we find such works of his as "*On the Town*," "*Wonderful Town*," "*Candide*," and "*West Side Story*," a smash hit in both New York and London. He also wrote the score for the prizewinning film "*On the Waterfront*." Among his more classical pieces are the symphonies, "*Jeremiah*" and "*The Age of Anxiety*"; the "*Serenade for Violins, Strings and Percussion*"; the ballets "*Fancy Free*" and "*Facsimile*"; the one-act opera, "*Trouble in Tahiti*"; and several other works.

Before I met Mr. Bernstein, I had the great pleasure of attending one of his concerts at Carnegie Hall, a harpsichord concerto of Handel, "*The Sweet Psalmist of Israel*" (first performance in the United States) by Ben Haim, Wieniawsky's Second Violin Concerto, and the lively "*Capriccio Espagnole*" by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Here I witnessed first-hand Bernstein's remarkable style. His freedom and sincerity of movement, his excitement and engrossment in the music, things which cannot be taught in a class, were as interesting as the music itself.

When I met him in the conductor's

room after the performance, I found that he is precisely the same man off-stage—sincere, expressive and free. As we began talking about his days at the Latin School, he spoke warmly and candidly.

"It was a great experience; I loved it . . . I think I was one of the few who really liked Latin." Asked whether there were any teachers whom he particularly remembered, he commented, "Oh, yes! Quite a few," and proceeded to name Mr. Marson (" . . . a great educator"), Mr. Russo (" . . . a wonderful teacher . . . very tough . . . a brilliant man"), Mr. Cornelius Murphy, Mr. Julius Finn, Mr. Aaron Gorden ("I liked him very much.") Another man, whom he remembered as "a rough math teacher" was Mr. Doyle.

Nor was Mr. Bernstein, as is so common today, a "club-hound": "I did nothing but go to class and go home and do my music; I didn't belong to any teams or any clubs. I think once I had a poem—I think it was a poem—published in the *Register*, but I never had anything to do with the magazine. I didn't do much music at school either—mostly at home. When I was a senior I played the piano once at assembly. At the graduation I remember I was given some sort of music medal, but I can't remember what on earth for."

"What do you think you gained by going to B.L.S.?" I asked.

"A lot. The other day I gave a mass

interview to a group of high school students, and I spoke a lot about the Latin School. I said that it sets an academic standard which you have for life, an example for everything you do. It teaches you that it's not just a matter of getting away with something. (I learned that the hard way, as most of the boys do.) The Latin School should be very hard, very exclusive. I remember being thrilled when I got a ninety in Latin once. Just at the idea of getting into the Latin School I was thrilled; I ran all the way home that day."

When asked for his advice, this was Mr. Bernstein's reply: "I'm terribly bad at giving advice—I have a lot of it, but I hate to give it. I think it's pretentious to give advice to strangers.

"I'm often asked by young people, however, whether or not to choose music as a career. My answer is: If you have to ask, don't go into music. If there is any doubt, do something else. It takes a great deal of sacrifice and intense concentration. Almost anyone can be a good musician, but to be really great you need a compulsion for music; you have to be driven, obsessed. If you feel you can do anything for the sake of music, you have to be all right. With this portentous statement I'm afraid I must conclude."

We shook hands, and I left feeling much enriched at having met and spoken with one of the great alumni of our school.



A.
Richmond

The Legend

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

F

"ather?"

"Yes, Sergei."

"Tell me about America."

"America, Sergei? What about America?"

"You said you would tell me when I was old enough. Is sixteen still too young?"

"No, Sergei. You must learn sometime."

"Anna, keep watch."

The thin peasant woman got up and went to the tiny, solitary window of the spartan hut in Russian Siberia. A beam creaked as a blast of frigid air whipped the house. The father and son huddled closer to the hearth of rough-hewn stone. A few scanty bits of garbage were drying close to the fire, giving off acrid fumes. Soon the feeble fire would flicker out.

"Tell me, Sergei, what do you already know about America?"

"Only that it stood for the rights of man."

"Yes, but *America*, was not merely a symbol; it was the informal title of a country, the greatest civilization this world has ever known."

"You mean *had* ever known. Our way is surely unsurpassable."

"Son, from this moment forth you must cast that out of your mind, and though you must outwardly show that you adhere to the doctrines of our leaders, in your heart must be only this one truth."

"That will be indeed difficult, but I will try to believe, Father."

"America, Sergei, occupied the territory that we now call the Radioactive Wasteland. In the mists of the past, it was a garden paradise. Its natural resources fed factories, humming with the most modern machinery. The people themselves were like gods. They held absolute control over an army of machines. You have seen an automobile?"

The boy nodded. "Although this is probably an embellishment created as the story was passed down through the ages, it is said that these people had two of them merely for pleasure's sake. Yes, my son, this was indeed a rich civilization."

The boy gaped; his eyes widened. The old man fed another piece of the fetid gar-

bage to the hungry flames. The fire flared up in the smoky-dark hut. He continued:

"The main point is that these people had democracy."

"That is not so hard to believe," said the boy. "We too have democracy."

"Define for me *democracy*, my son."



"Democracy is a term meaning the best and most practicable form of government." The words tumbled glibly out of the boy's mouth . . . It was one of the definitions he had to learn by heart, a term drilled into the minds of all the youth; one which was carefully unreveted by the child's parents when he came of age. Now it was Sergei's turn.

"No, Sergei, that is not the democracy these gods had. They had the supreme right of choosing their own leaders; that was their democracy." Once again the boy leaned forward and narrowed his look. "But, how could such a civilization rise to any heights? This system must have been unstable. Why, they must have changed leaders everyday . . . unless . . . they were a perfect race!"

"No, lad, they were far from perfect. That is why they no longer exist. But they did have safeguards. What these safeguards were we don't know; we do know, however, that they were insufficient, or the Americans would not have been overrun by us . . ."

"Overrun? But that's not true!" said the boy. "The state can do no wrong!"

"Shhh." The old man placed a finger on his lips. "Don't you see, this is another lie . . . propaganda. What I'm telling you now is history, passed by word of mouth from generation to generation to keep the spark

of hope alive. If the coming generation doesn't accept this, that spark will die; and the hope of human rights ever being restored will be lost forever; for there will be no knowledge of such a thing as human rights!"

"I'm listening, Father."

"The second thing these people had was a mysterious code of four points. One of these dealt with an entirely unknown concept called freedom of religion. The other four may be summed up in one — freedom of communication. That is, people could write and speak, publicly damning whatever they pleased."

"Including the regime then in office?"

"*Particularly* the regime then in office!"

"But that is dangerous! It must have led to rebellion."

"There never was any sort of rebellion in this society because it wasn't necessary.

Within the limits of these unknown safeguards, they could always choose a new leader when the old wasn't properly fulfilling his position."

"What about the character of these people? Why were they overrun?"

"You have studied the Roman Empire," said the old man quietly. "Need I say more?"

The smoky fire sputtered once or twice and then died. Anna hobbled slowly to the ragpile that comprised her bed, feeling her way painfully in the inky darkness. The old man pulled his threadbare jacket a little tighter about him with numbed fingers, and also retired. Only the lad could not sleep. All was quiet except for the icy winds blasting and swirling the snow outside and an occasional creaking timber. But inside, inside young Sergei's mind, was a dizzying, spinning turmoi.

Vice Versa

GEORGE M. COHEN, '60

"Here they go again," thought Johnny. "Why do they have to quarrel so much?" Laura's wailing, whining voice and Jim's stentorian bellow could be heard all over the block. Finally sick of his parents' bickering, Johnny slipped out of the house and headed for the playground.

Man, what a pleasure after all that noise! Here Johnny could relax and let out his anxiety and frustration on a baseball game with his friends. The boys saw him and invited him to join in their game. This time, however, even while playing, Johnny could not get out of his mind the deplorable conditions at home. Afterwards,

on his way home, he suddenly realized that he hated going back there.

He considered once more the beginning of the trouble: his father's drop in salary, his mother's persistent squandering in spite of it. Johnny's father was forever complaining about the bills, but his wife dismissed his complaints with a toss of her pretty blonde hair and went merrily on her spendthrift way. Today's argument had been one of the wildest yet; there had even been threats of violence. Perhaps, like the typical juvenile delinquent of TV fame, he was doomed to become a problem child, frustrated and defensive, living without understanding or affection.

"I'm getting out of this place if it's the last thing I do!" vowed Johnny to himself. He recalled a newspaper story about a boy who had hitched a ride clear across the country. The idea had been pressing him. It was a real out, but first he'd have to get hold of some money.

Johnny sat down on the porch divan and began to plan. He knew that his father would bring home his salary next evening. He knew also that his father kept most of the money in his wallet for deposit next day in the bank. Johnny assumed that he could filch the money from his father's wallet and leave the house early in the morning. Perhaps he could even take a bus



out of the city. That night, Johnny kept tossing on his bed, his mind crowded with new ideas, strange images.

The next morning, Johnny awoke to find his parents as grouchy as ever. "Pass the coffee," said his father in his sleepy voice. "If we can call it that." Johnny's mother lit a cigarette and stared coldly out the window. Hurriedly, Johnny left the table and started off for school.

Anything was better than living in that birdcage. All through the rest of the school day, Johnny remembered his troubles. After school, he played baseball, but his heart was not in the game. Finally, he headed home.

At home again that evening, he walked in on the worst argument yet. His father had just lost his job. His mother was furious. She had just bought a new spring outfit, and he would bring it back *over her dead body*. Johnny left them and quietly went upstairs.

This was it. Figuring to pack everything he would need, Johnny pushed a few things into a bag. There was no sense in taking everything, just the essentials. He finished packing, hid the suitcase under his bed, and lay down to take a nap. His dream was a nightmare. There was his mother, dressed in expensive furs and diamonds. His father had on a shabby coat, and stood on a street corner, gazing ahead vacantly. And there was Johnny, right between them. Then they were arguing again, this time so loudly that Johnny kept asking them to stop; but they would not. Finally he began to run, but somehow he could not get away and

nothing changed — the buildings, the voices, the constant, shouting voices.

Johnny awoke in a cold sweat. He saw by the clock that only half an hour had elapsed since he had dozed off. Hurrying down to dinner, he noticed that his mother and father were now quiet, though he could see that his mother was highly displeased with the outcome of the argument. No attempt was made at conversation, and the only noise was the touch of silverware on dishes.

As soon as he had finished helping with the dishes, Johnny went to his room, ostensibly to study, but actually to get as much sleep as he could in preparation for the long journey ahead of him the next day.

About five o'clock in the morning, Johnny woke up. He slid the bag out from under the bed and stole across the hall to his parents' bedroom. Very quietly he reached for his father's wallet on the dresser. It was empty! He glanced at his mother's bed. She was gone, but there was a note pinned to her pillow. Ont in the hall, crouching by a night lamp, he read —

Jim,

There's no sense in going on. I've left for mother's. I took the money in your wallet for bus fare.

Laura

Johnny moved in the direction of his parents' room, then stopped. He listened to the terrible emptiness and silence of the house around him. At least the fighting was over, he thought. But then, silently, unexpectedly, he began to cry.

Day Of The Violet Lightning

PAUL M. CANTOR '60

"**W**HY?" lieutenant Nizukyo asked himself over and over again as he slowly walked away from the base wireless office.

In his hand was a crumpled radiogram bearing the official seal of the Japanese Imperial Navy. It was typical of communiques being received by servicemen in every corner of the crumbling empire: "We regret to inform you . . ."

Omari Nizukyo was born in Nagoya in 1919. His one and only childhood obsession was airplanes. He would spend hours each day watching the activity at the local airport, and almost from the first day he could think, he had determined to become

an airline pilot. Caught up in the tide of patriotism which swept over Japan in the '30's, he applied to Naval Flight School, was accepted, and underwent fighter pilot training. Amari was still in the course of that training on December 7, 1941. Like many Japanese, he was shocked when he heard the news. He had known several Americans and liked them all. Nevertheless, Omari was a man with a sense of duty, and his first obligation was to the *Mikado*.

Now, three years later, as he looked at that radiogram, not even duty made sense to him. The sad Japanese strode along the airfield, contemplating the rows of fighters

and bombers. He stopped beside his own machine, a brand new *Shiden*. It was the best fighter type the Imperial Navy possessed, with its eighteen cylinder radial and four rapid-fire cannon. In every respect it was a tribute to Nipponese aeronautical know-how. Omari, however, had different ideas about it.

"They spend years developing this aircraft," he reflected bitterly, "and for what?" He kicked the bomb-rack savagely. Then ironically it occurred to him that *Shiden* was a haunting, beautiful name. It meant violet lightning. How subtle was poetry's expression of death!

It was getting dark. Omari returned to his quarters and went to bed.

The next day as usual the fighter pilots were called to the briefing room. Omari was still bitter and did not speak to the others. In the briefing room a colonel explained the day's mission. The fighters were to fly escort for a squadron of Mitsubishi bombers.

Many minutes later, the formation was in the air. The exhilaration Omari always felt in the solitude of his plane's cockpit cheered him somewhat. He was a born aviator and loved nothing better than to be master of his own destiny twenty thousand feet above the ground. Then he remembered what he was doing up there and his sprightliness faded.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by an urgent voice barking through his earphones. Omari looked up and saw a group of American Mustangs peeling out of the clouds. The hour of glory was here again, he thought sarcastically.

Once again the piercing voice sounded in his ears. "Bleed them well, brave comrades! *Banzai! Banzai!*"

Omari responded automatically. He expertly manipulated the control stick and rudder pedals, bringing his aircraft to bear obliquely on one of the American fighters. Carefully he sighted on its engine cowling and pressed the trigger. His adversary was no less skillful than he, however, and dodged the first salvo. Omari tried again, but he could not outmaneuver the slippery Mustang. He had no choice but to meet the enemy head on. The two planes raced towards each other, their guns blazing. The Mustang's left wing disintegrated under Omari's devastating cannonfire; at the same time machine gun bullets ripped into Omari's engine and it burst into flame. Both pilots bailed out.

Omari didn't know how long he had

been unconscious, but when he came to the battle was still raging overhead. He looked around for the wreckage of the Violet Lightning. It was nowhere to be found. Then he saw the smooth, bullet-shaped nose of a mustang protruding through the bush.

"Good fight, Nip."

Omari turned and looked at the pilot whom he'd just shot down. The startled Japanese would at least have expected to see a levelled pistol in the man's hand, but there was none.

"You speak English?" he asked.

"How long have *you* been there?" snapped Omari.

"Oh, not long. But you've been out a good three minutes."

Omari looked hard at the American. "Why have you permitted me to live?"

"Now that's one heck of a foolish question," said the other casually. "Let's just say that enough good men are gonna catch it today. Besides, I must have lost my pistol in the jump."

The American's strange attitude puzzled Omari. "You would not be so friendly if you had lost your whole family, as I have," he ventured. The American pilot waited a moment, sobering somewhat.

"My brothers were killed at Pearl," he said finally.

"Then why do you not hate me?" Omari was feigning bitterness now, and the American knew it.

"How come you don't hate *me*?"

It was a question Omari could not answer. "What happens now?" was all he said.

"Well, neither of us can take the other prisoner," said the American. "So we go our separate ways and hope we're both alive when it's over."

Omari grew thoughtful.

"Do you really think it's worth surviving?" he said.

The Yank started to walk away. "Someone's gotta make damned sure they don't start another war," he uttered lowly.

A submachine gun barked through the bush.

The area seemed to come alive with infantrymen, who swarmed around the American pilot. A few feet away in the undergrowth, Flight Lieutenant Omari Nizukyo lay dead. His face appeared strangely placid.

"Lucky we got here in time," said one of the soldiers to the airman. "That Nip would've slit your gizzard. Hey . . . what're you lookin' at me like that for?"

Toward Which Time Leads Me

STEVEN MYLES ARONSON '61

*Death's coming like a phantom to my world.
I can see only April long ago and earth
And no one living — death-quiet, forever dead.
Someone is whispering through the haunting visages
Of Time. I hear him in the wilderness, somewhere.
I see the mortals of this world drowning in emotion —
Joy . . . ecstasy . . . despair . . . loneliness . . .
Then there came a passion that we could not conquer —
Hunger for the earth, the ageless earth, our earth.*

*Death's coming like a phantom to my world
And I know not why nor where. Howling in the
Wilderness: Living's futile — only death endures.
In the far and stricken wind I hear Man's inhumanity
To man. Where is the water lapping on a rock-cold shore,
Empurpled by the setting sun? Where is the aching
Wonder of creation? There was a sea gull I saw once — harsh, fierce-proud,
Diving for a fish at noon. I stood and watched the myriad lives ride
In upon swift-moving tides and felt a sense
Touched with pity at that lonely sea. And still that leaf
Blown by kind October winds, scurrying carefree, tainted by
Autumnal gold, scattered through the morning-ready streets
To fate-deciding winds — lies, like myself, withered, no more
Beautiful, but — somehow fulfilled of destiny. Somewhere
O'er the alabaster whiteness of cold-lovely snow — my leaf.*

*Death's coming like a phantom to my world,
And it is here beside me. It is everywhere —
It came and burst upon our world in ugly war:
Death — toward which Time leads me and the will of Heaven.*

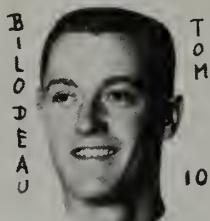
The Editors and Staff of the Register wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



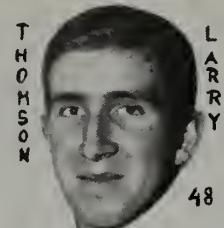
MICHAEL
MCKEEEN



MGR.



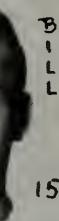
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LINE COACH

WALTER
"PEP"



HEAD COACH

WALTER CASEY



BACK COACH



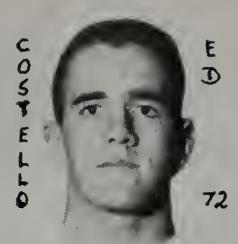
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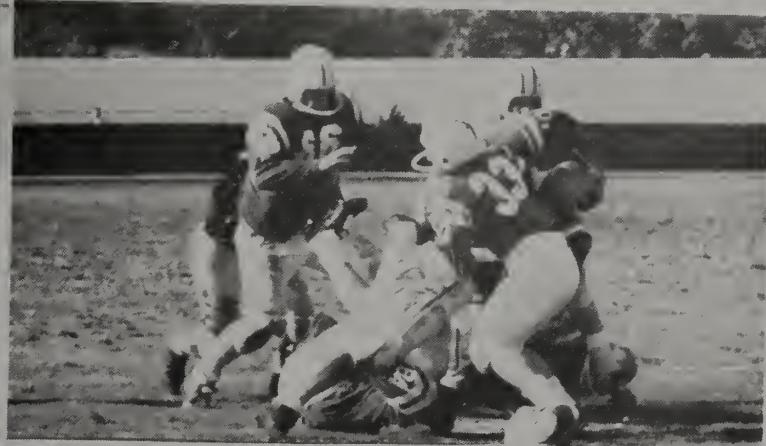
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CAPT.



Pictures and Layout
by A. Davidhazy





Football

Latin vs. B. C. High

In the season's opener, Latin literally walked over a spirited Boston College High eleven. The Purple and White struck fast in the beginning of the first period when Tom Bilodeau returned a punt 63 yards down the right sideline. Minutes later, however, the Eaglets connected on a 63 yard pass-play, taking them to Latin's 20. From here they drove to paydirt and made the two-point conversion to take the lead, 8-6. Latin did not score again until, with 16 seconds remaining in the half, Johnny Frame received a Bilodeau pass in the end zone to climax a 75 yard march. Latin added two points and left the field with a six-point lead, 14-8.

In the second half, Latin dominated the play completely. After receiving the ball on the kickoff, they marched 58 yards for a score. Mulcahy and Frame did most of the carrying, with Frame finally plunging over from the second yard line. After holding the Maroon and Gold to minus yardage on their series of downs, Ernie Caporale lugged another punt into the end zone. The two-point conversion was made and Latin was in front to stay. The remaining points were scored by Caporale from the five, and Tom Bilodeau on the third punt return of the day. Two points

were added after each touchdown. Thus Latin gained its first victory and seemed to be headed for another successful season.

Quips of Quality

Final word was received today concerning the ineligibility of five of our ball players. Tom Cibotti, Mike Sneider, "Tiger" Shea, Ken Kasparian, and Dick Little are lost for the season as the result of a rule completely unknown until the season had started. These boys will be sorely missed. Much credit must be given to our defense, which dug in after B.C. High's score to stop the Maroon and Golders cold. The defense was led by Capt. Ed Costello, John "the bouncing baby" Andronica, and Angelo "the fraud" Scaccia.

Lineup

L. End, Barringer, LaTorraca; L. Tackle, J. Costello, Zeytoonjian; L. Guard, Ruggiero, Monaco; Center, E. Costello, Saltman; R. Guard, Andronica, Gandy; R. Tackle, Celona, Holland; R. End, Williams, Abraham; Quarterback, Bilodeau, Walsh; R. Halfback, Mulcahy, Hillman, Bacigalupo; Fullback, Caporale, Thompson; L. Halfback, Frame, Bell.

Latin vs. Tech

Today Latin easily beat a highly touted Tech team, to prove itself one of the strong teams in the Conference. In the first period, the two teams fought to a stalemate, neither team being able to tally. The Purple opened the scoring in the second period when Tom Bilodeau hit Bill Mulcahy from the one-yard line and on the conversion passed to Johnny Frame. Minutes later, another Bilodeau pass, this time to Frame, went for six points. Meanwhile Latin's strong defensive unit held fast, keeping the Artisans scoreless. Score at the half: Latin 14, Tech 0.

Latin vs. Trade

Today Latin gained its third straight by downing a determined but weak Trade eleven. After receiving the opening kickoff, Latin drove to the Trade eleven only to lose the ball as the result of a fumble. After holding Trade, however, Latin drove to its first score when Billy Mulcahy carried a double reverse into paydirt. A pass to Barringer was good for two points and Latin led 8-0. Minutes later the crowd at the stadium witnessed one of the prettiest plays of the season. Gerry LaTorraca, after intercepting a Trade pass on Trade's 31, carried the ball to the seven, pitched to John Frame, and threw a vicious block to set Frame free into paydirt. In the closing minutes of the half, the Purple and White drove to a third score when Bilodeau surged over from the two. Another pass to Barringer added two points, and Latin left the field at the half, leading 22-0.

In the second half, Latin scored the first time it got the ball, when Billy Mulcahy galloped 50 yards to the Trade 9, and Tom Bilodeau carried it over from there on a beautifully executed roll-out. From

In the third period, a 13-yard pass to Bob Williams netted six more points. The two points were added. The Latinmen completed their scoring late in the fourth period with a 5-yard screen pass to fullback Caporale, Enos Monaco throwing the key block. Latin thus gained its eleventh straight and was now second in the state in the undefeated, untied column.

T. D. Topics

Hats off to Ernie Caporale, who has done a fine job at fullback, the spot left vacant by Tom Cibotti. Pres Haynes was the talk of the town today after his stupendous interception. No wonder they call him "Hands."

Lineup

L. End, Barringer, LaTorraca; L. Tackle, J. Costello, Zeytoonjian; L. Guard, Ruggiero, Monaco; Center, E. Costello, Saltman, Shea; R. Guard, Andronica, Gandy; R. Tackle, Celona, Holland, Adessa; R. End, Williams, Abraham, Haynes; Quarterback, Bilodeau, Walsh, Bacigalupo; R. Halfback, Mulcahy, Hillman; Fullback, Caporale, Thompson; L. Halfback, Frame, Bell.

Latin vs. Trade

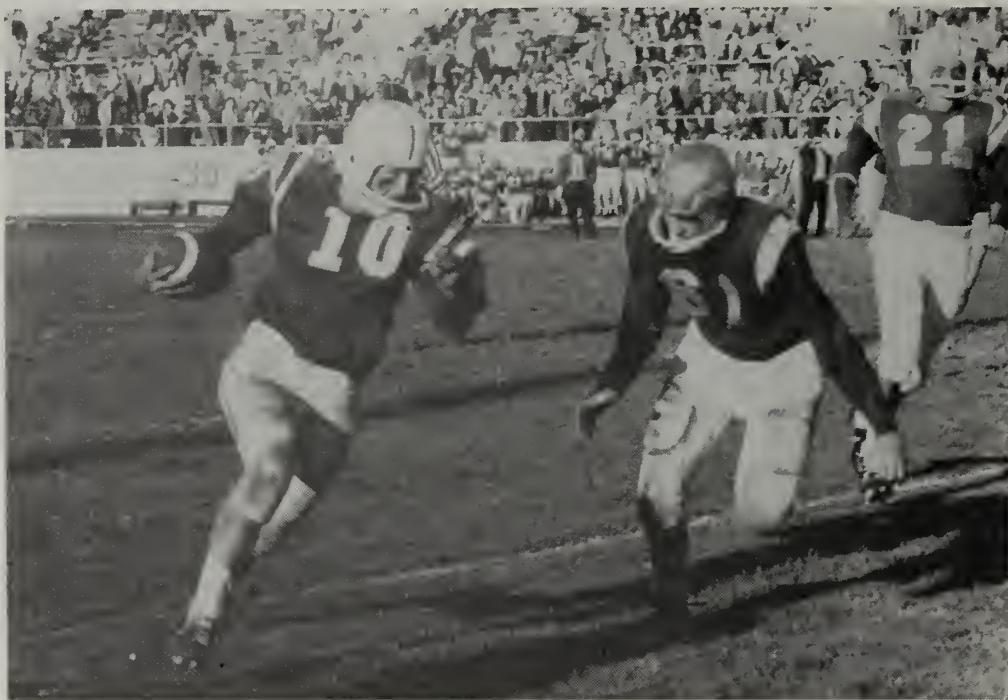
then on, Coach McCarthy substituted freely. The team threatened several times but could not score. Trade scored late in the fourth period but could not overhaul the Purple and White, who piled up a 28-6 victory.

Drops from the Showers

Ron Ruggiero and "Tiny Tim" Saltman did a fine job at their tackle positions. Jack Callahan, a defensive safety, is out for two weeks with a separated shoulder. Our speedboy, "Skinnybones" Mulcahy, made several fine runs today, but reached paydirt only once.

Lineup

L. End, Barringer, LaTorraca, Conklin; L. Tackle, J. Costello, Zeytoonjian; L. Guard, Ruggiero, Monaco, Rhesis; Center, E. Costello, Saltman, Shea; R. Guard, Andronica, Gandy, Ernest; R. Tackle, Celona, Holland, Adessa; R. End, Williams, Abraham, Haynes; Q'back, Bilodeau, Walsh, Keller; R. Halfback, Mulcahy, Hillman, Bacigalupo; Fullback, Thompson, Caporale; L. Halfback, Frame, Bell, Dumas.



Latin vs. Dorchester

Today the Purple continued their winning ways by easily beating Dorchester in a one-sided affair at the stadium. After receiving the ball on the opening kickoff, Latin drove 73 yards for its first T. D., Johnny Frame getting the score on a six-yard pass play. Tommy Bilodeau kicked the extra point, and Latin took the lead, 7-0. The boys did not score again until early in the second period when Angelo Scaccia intercepted a flat pass on Dot's 38 and went all the way. Again Tommy Bilodeau kicked the point. Minutes later, Billy Mulcahy carried a double reverse around the left end into the end zone, making it Latin 20, Dorchester 0. Immediately after that, the Dot punter received a bad pass from center and fell on the ball in the end zone, giving Latin two more points. After receiving the kickoff, Latin drove into Dorchester territory and John Frame scampered 27 yards into paydirt. Two points were added and Latin led 30-0. The end of the scoring in the first half came when Vic Bacigalupo made the longest run of the day, carrying the ball 74 yards for a touchdown and Billy Mulcahy added two points. Score: 38-0.

In the third period, Johnny Frame scored once more after taking a pass on the Dorchester 7 and galloping home to

make it 44-0. Surprisingly enough, Dorchester scored the next two touchdowns, one on a long run, the other a five yard pass play. A total of three points was added after these scores, and Latin led 44-15. Johnny Frame scored his fourth touchdown of the day and completed Latin's scoring late in the fourth period on a 10-yard run around right end. Dot scored once more just before the gun, but it was to no avail: Latin won 50-21.

Dripping Droplets

That 31-point second period was Latin's best of the season. Coach McCarthy managed to let most of the subs get in today, and these boys gained valuable experience. Ed Zeytoonjian and Bill Holland were the surprises, making tackles all over the field.

Lineup

L. End, Barringer, LaTorraca, Conklin; L. Tackle, J. Costello, Zeytoonjian; L. Guard, Ruggiero, Monaco, Rhesis, Harrington; Center, E. Costello, Shea, Sanford; R. Guard, Andronica, Gandy, Ernest; R. Tackle, Celona, Saltman, Holland, Adessa; R. End, Williams, Abraham, Haynes; Quarterback, Bilodeau, Walsh, Keller; R. Halfback, Bacigalupo, Mulcahy, Hillman; Fullback, Caporale, Thompson; L. Halfback, Frame, Bell, Dumas.

Latin vs. English

Thanksgiving, 1959. It was cold, in the mid-30's; the wind was blowing in gusts of 30 m.p.h. The field was muddy in spots and there were many fumbles, but it was Latin's game under any conditions. A record schoolboy throng of 23,000 saw the Purple deadlock the nation's oldest high school rivalry, hand English its first defeat of the season, and extend its undefeated skein to 16 games.

The game was supposed to be a contest between the English line and the Latin passing attack. The nine blocks of granite, as a Boston daily so aptly named them, repeatedly threw English for big losses and paved the way to Latin's three scores with vicious blocking.

Latin won the toss and decided to defend the west goal, English receiving. Throughout the first period, neither team could do much, for both defenses played superbly. On the first play of the second period, however, Tommy Bilodeau rolled out to his left to pass and, seeing nobody open, decided to run. Three yards behind the line of scrimmage he picked up Ruggiero's block and proceeded downfield untouched until he was caught from behind at the English 23 for a 30 yard gain. Two more first downs and a quarterback sneak gave Latin its first score. The two points were added on a pass to Barringer and Latin led 8-0. Twice more Latin drove down inside the English 20 but could not tally. Meanwhile the defense held strong, keeping Latin in the lead at the half, 8-0.

In the second half, Latin again kicked off. On the first two plays, the Blue and Blue was driven back to the eight yard line, setting the stage for Latin's next score. English Randy Benn, trying a deep reverse, was caught and downed in his own end zone by Paul Barringer, giving Latin



a safety and two more important points. The next time English got the ball, however, they lashed back with their only march of the morning. In seven plays they marched 59 yards and made their first and only score of the day.

After this it was Latin all the way. A 47 yard march was climaxed when Frame drove over behind Andronica and Celona from a foot out. Latin's last score came at 9:42 of the final stanza. Billy Mulcahy took the ball on the English 28 and didn't stop running until he had left eleven Englishmen in his wake and had crossed that big white stripe. Latin continued to hold fast defensively, thus preventing English from any further scoring. When the gun sounded, Latin had completed its second straight undefeated season and stood second in the state in the undefeated, untied column.

Locker Talk

The locker room was the scene of much rejoicing today. About ten cheers were given for the coaches, alumni, and headmaster. Put out that cigar. Credit must be given to coaches McCarthy, Casey, and Gumbs, who did a fine job throughout the season. Not enough can be said about them and they prefer it that way. Off to the Victory Dance.



Soccer

After a winning season last year (four wins and one loss), everyone felt that this year's soccer team, which is even stronger, would go undefeated.



The first game of the year was played by the junior varsity, which brightly shut out Medford frosh, 2-0. First varsity game was played against Babson Institute, and although Babson was much stronger, the conflict was hard and fast. The high note of the 5-2 defeat was Pete Ozols' two goals.

Then came the newly formed English High team in a hard-fought game that ended in a deadlock, 1-1. Next, the junior varsity suffered an ignominious defeat at the hands of the revenge-bent Medford frosh. The following week, Latin took on Watertown High. Late in the third period, Watertown scored the only goal. In the second game against English, the Bluemen drew first blood with two quick goals. Latin rallied and controlled the play, but was unable to penetrate the iron curtain in front of the net. The final score was 2-0. The saddest defeat of the season, however, was played against Quincy. Although the Latins all but ran Quincy into the ground, the ball could not find the goal. Quincy's only tallies were three penalty shots. The final score was Quincy 3, Latin 1.

Hopes currently run high for the remaining two games. The first is with Babson Institute, and the finale is with Roxbury Latin, which last year stole our undefeated season.

The high scorers thus far are Pete Ozols and John Davidhazy. Two newcomers, Pat Malin and Paul Sullivan, have added a spark to the team.

Cross Country

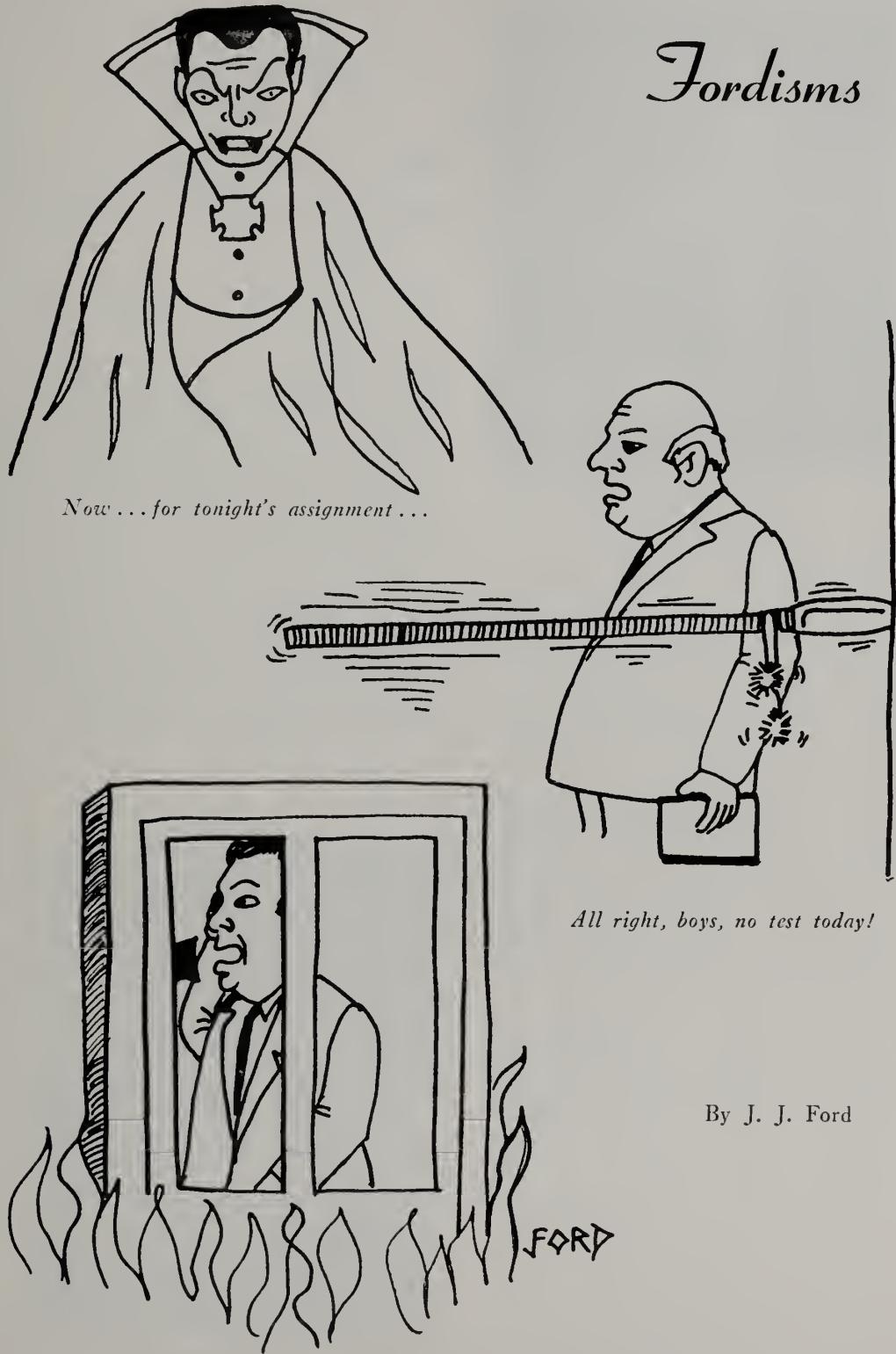
This year a squad of veteran harriers reported to White Stadium, including Joe Zitomersky, Jim Sherburne, Dave Signori, Vic Dushku, Mike Passaretti and Paul Silton, all of whom have placed regularly in each meet.

In the first meet between Latin, Tech, and Dorchester, the Purple placed second behind a strong Technical team. Sherburne, Zitomersky, Meagher, and Signori placed well up among the leaders. The next meet saw Latin placing third behind the stronger and more experienced Salem and Technical teams. Again Sherburne,

Zitomersky, Meagher, and Signori placed. In the city meet, Latin finished third behind Tech and English.

Tom Meagher, a first-year man, distinguished himself as the best runner in the city by taking first in the city meet. Remaining in contention all the way, he poured it on as he entered the stadium and nosed out Desmond of Charlestown in one of the most thrilling finishes ever witnessed at the stadium.

The lineup for the state meet will be Meagher, Sherburne, Zitomersky, Signori, Dushku, Silton, Passaretti, and Finn.



I'll be home late tonight, dear, I'm keeping my class after school.



"Latin is invaluable"

MR. ALFRED HOELZEL (B.L.S. '50), who teaches German in Room 120, received his B.A. at the University of Massachusetts in 1955, his master's at Northwestern University in 1956, and is presently working for his doctorate at Boston University. He has taught at Northwestern University, English High; also at Bnai Moshe and other Hebrew Schools.

Mr. Hoelzel was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1934. He came to the United States in 1948 and enrolled at the Boston Latin School where he founded the soccer team. He still holds the New England individual scoring record for a single season.

Mr. Hoelzel, who is married and has one child, believes that American public school education should put more emphasis on intellectual quality and stop dragging standards to mediocrity.

He says: "Too little is done to make the average student think for himself. I believe that a college preparatory program should include more history, for a solid background in history is very important. I also feel that it is preferable to learn one modern language well rather than two insufficiently. However, Latin is invaluable in higher education."

Mr. Hoelzel's hobbies include sports and reading, especially historical novels of the 19th and 20th centuries. A lover of classical music, he assumes a negative attitude toward rock and roll ("I hate it").

Advice: "Be a critic to society, not an adjuster to it."

Lords & Masters

MR. GEARIN, who teaches English in Room 306, was born in Boston and educated at Boston College High and Boston College. He did graduate work and taught English courses as a teaching fellow at both Boston College and Louisiana State. In the Boston schools, Mr. Gearin has taught at the Solomon Lewenberg Junior High School in Dorchester.

Mr. Gearin is the educational advisor to the National Conference of Christians and Jews and a member of the Catholic Graduates' Club, but he manages to find time to enjoy folk music, which he likes to sing to the accompaniment of his own guitar. Other hobbies include golf and armchair football.

In Mr. Gearin's opinion: "The advantage of Latin School is the fact that many talented and interested boys are together in an atmosphere conducive to learning. It is unfortunate that too many do not realize the good work they are capable of doing and merely follow what is acceptable."

His favorite saying is: "If you learn anything, it's your own fault."



"an atmosphere conducive to learning"

EDITORIALS

PREVENTION IS THE KEY

Medical Science knows the cause, the cure, even the prevention of tuberculosis. Yet, in 1957 this supposedly "conquered" disease killed 13,141 persons and infected another 86,861.

Tuberculosis is caused by the "tubercle bacillus." If the body is healthy, it can prevent this germ from doing any harm; but if internal resistance is low, the "tubercle bacillus" is free to ravage the body; and if its advance continues unchallenged, the invader usually causes death.

TB must first be detected before it can be cured; and medicine is armed with two weapons which make early detection and cure feasible: the chest X-ray, which shows whether the lungs have been damaged by the germ; and the tuberculin test, a simple skin test, which determines whether tuberculosis is or ever was present in the body. Curing TB takes from six months to over one year, but with early detection, special medicines, rest, surgery, and a balanced diet, recovery is almost a certainty.

Since this communicable disease is transmitted from the infected to the uninfected, the most dangerous person is the carrier, who often doesn't know he has the disease, and goes around spreading the germ to every one who merely shares a trace of his breath.

This month B.L.S. salutes the American Tuberculosis Association which is conducting a national prevention campaign to obliterate the disease.

QUIZ PROGRAMS

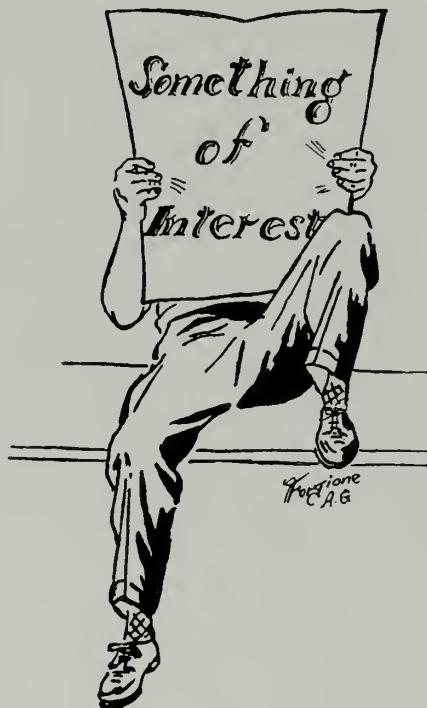
"For ten silver dollars — where is Grant's tomb? Now for the evening jack-pot. This question is divided into two parts — the winner to receive twenty-five silver dollars — who is buried in Grant's tomb and why? Think before you answer."

When we look back on that simple beginning and think of all the silver dollars that were piled up in our living rooms with all the correct answers, it seems like a huge jump from that to TV quiz programs wherein one had to be able to explain Einstein's theory of relativity before he became eligible to get on a program. During this time, the silver dollar disappeared as did the confidence of listeners in their own intelligence. The era of doubtful intelligence was upon us, and a great many wondered at their own ignorance.

The last few weeks, however, have been reassuring. We too could have answered those five-part questions had we rehearsed and been given the right answers. The answer-men and women were merely actors on a stage prepared for them by the combined efforts of sponsors, producers and directors.

The big question today is what the effects of the "fix" will be in relation to our code of morals. We know that there are no civil violations, since there were never any rules of guidance or direction established for these programs. But we do know that to deliberately fake the awfulness of searching for an answer, when it is already there, and by so doing deceive an audience, is a serious, grievous fault.

If the probing goes deep enough, much good can come of the enlightenment of the past few weeks. Already networks are editing their programs, even to the extent of erasing background noises. The Government will probably find it necessary to establish regulations. After that, however, we will once again find ourselves in the balcony, vying for silver dollars or candy bars. We may yet, in fact, be resurrected from the "dumb."



On September 10 the portals of the Latin School opened for the three hundred and twenty-fourth time, to receive the annual crop of "sixies." As usual, the halls resounded with the traditional cries of "Sixie, go home"; "You there, report to Mister Meanor in 436"; "Psst, wanna buy a pass to the splash party on the roof?" and "Who walks? Use the elevator." "Upper classmen will please refrain from selling chances on the statue of Alma Mater."

Since the launching of the Sputnicks has made both young and old aware of the important position Russia commands in world affairs, the study of Russian has gained impetus in many American schools this semester. Boston has chosen, from the many city schools, thirty-two language scholars to comprise a class to study the Russian language. Of this number, eight represent the Boston Latin School: Steven Aronson, Philip Berestecki, Richard Freedman, Gerald Hillman, Gerald Honigsblum, Harvey Klein, Melvin Segal and Frank Scharraga. This course is conducted on Saturday mornings at Emmanuel College.

STEVEN MYLES ARONSON '61

EDWARD GOODE '60

Attention! He's done it again! The Massachusetts' Medal for Valor was presented last summer to our own Major Edward Kelley.

The Key Club is currently soliciting money from the parents of Latin School boys. The names of the contributors are inscribed in the ad book which the club puts out sometime in early May, and which is given to all who purchase tickets to the annual school play. Many promising seniors are awarded scholarships made possible by the tireless efforts of "the most active club in the school" and by the sale of Christmas and all-occasion cards in December. The club needs the co-operation of every student and his parents in order to make this year the most successful ever. Whenever a volunteer is needed to serve in a local hospital or organization, whenever a community project solicits the help of the school, the Key Club is always counted on to produce, and it readily responds, as results show. A vote of thanks is due the faculty sponsor, Mr. William Bergen, for the superior job he is doing in upholding the fine traditions of our school.



Congratulations to twelve of last year's juniors who have been named semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship tests. Those selected will have an opportunity to become finalists and perhaps scholarship winners on the basis of another test to be given in December. We're rooting for you — Arnold Adler, Stephen Arnold, George Cohen, Stanley Cohen, Robert Cummings, John Finn, David Jacobson, Marvin Kasoff, Allan Schindler, Jay Spector, Robert Temkin, and Irving Traiger!



On October 30, 1959, a spellbound Class VI was introduced to one of the oldest and finest traditions of the Latin School, the First Public Declamation. The selections covered a great range — from the humor of Robert Benchley to the fiery invective of Emile Zola. The declaimers were: Steven Myles Aronson, Roy Warren Bernstein, David Bossio, Edward William Jay, Alan Terry Lipson, Robert Michael Malouf, Paul Alan Menitof, John Charles Minichiello, Michael Allen Monson, John Paul Russo, and Richard Dee Wimberly.

Officers of the N.H.S. were recently elected after an all-night parley: Gerard Ford, president; Marv Shapiro, vice-president; Bob Creutz, secretary.

The National Research Council and the National Academy of Sciences announced, October 14, that twenty-two graduates of the Boston Latin School earned doctorates in 1957.

On October 15, M.I.T. reported that since 1933, B.L.S. as a group has produced more graduates than has any other school in the country, with the exception of Chauncey Hall, a private school; and that, in recent years, we have far surpassed Chauncey Hall.

On October 30, in anticipation of the Halloween festivities, the Key Club sponsored its annual assembly on vandalism. The speakers, Steven Myles Aronson, Gerald Paul Hillman, David Michael Tafe, and John Paul Russo, discussed the possible causes, cost, and prevention of vandalism. The Class V audience must have learned the lesson well, for the Monday after Halloween, B.L.S. was still there. Were the speakers that good?

Andrew Davidhazy of Class II has been named a winner in the 1959 Kodak High School Photo Contest. The recognition accorded Davidhazy should be an incentive for the 1960 contest, which will be announced shortly. All camera fans will have a chance to prepare entries for submission starting January 1. Pictures taken since April 1, 1959, are eligible. The 1960 contest is open to students in grades 9-12, and will offer a list of 338 cash awards, totaling \$11,750.

This summer, four of our seniors (Anthony Bak, Conrad Jaffe, Steven Lipper, and Michael Monson) were selected to participate in the Advanced Science Studies Program conducted at Thayer Academy. The two-week course consisted of mathematics, and general science or biology. The boys later worked in the laboratories of local universities and industries. At the conclusion of the course, Bak, Lipper and Monson received scholarships for their work.



During the past two months, Latin School has been honored to have among its guests representatives from many illustrious universities. Among the schools represented were Harvard, Tufts, M.I.T.,

Brandeis, Boston College, and Boston University. The school would like to express its thanks to Mr. Hopkinson, who arranged these visits, and to the many universities that have shown us their kind consideration.

Last June, Edward Jakmauh of Room 302 and Edward Goode of 333 attended the Citizenship Seminar held at Tufts University. Each representative received a certificate of merit in recognition of his effective citizen practices in the school and community at large.

Representatives of the last fifty-five graduating classes of the Boston Latin School met on October 28 at the Hampton Court Hotel, Brookline. The annual fall meeting of class representatives of the B.L.S. Association will discuss plans for observing (in April) the 325th anniversary of the school's founding.

Congratulations to Richard Brown of Room 120, who has won the Boston Fire Prevention Essay Contest. He was given a season's pass to all the Celtics' home games.

Two seniors were recently awarded the rank of Eagle Scout. The boys who received this high scouting honor are Edward Kempner (Troop 7, Brighton) and Stephen Arnold (Troop 18, Newton).

Congratulations to Alfred Brothers of 302, one of the eleven Boston delegates to the Junior Achievement National Convention held August 23-28, 1959, in Bloomington, Indiana.

Paul J. Needham of Room 302 was recently named the outstanding member of the Boston Catholic Youth Organization. Edmund J. Costello, David Signori, and William Yazbek received honorable mention.

On November 6, the Debating Club held a Forum: "Resolve that single salary is in the best interests of the Boston School System." Members of the affirmative were: Marvin Shapiro, Michael Monson, and Michael Menitoff; members of the negative were: Alexander Dybbs, Samuel Friedman, and James Sutton. Presiding as chairman of the Forum was Samuel Goldberg.



Well, boys, live and learn.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Sept. 10: Overheard in 335: 1, 2, $\sqrt{3}$, cha-cha-cha.

Sept. 11: Overheard in lunchroom:

Sixie: But you just gotta have some Maypo someplace.

Sept. 14: Today ye RRR attended his first assembly of the year.

There are still 970 light bulbs in the assembly hall.

Sept. 15: Overheard in 318:

Torricelli: Don't forget, boys, nitrates are cheaper than day rates.

Sept. 16: Teacher: Scratch, what's a Mormon?

Scratch: A person who ain't very smart?

Sept. 18: Overheard in 332:

Master: Always remember that success in mathematics is 85% perspiration and only 25% inspiration.

Sept. 19: It's Mickey Mouse's birthday. He is 31 today.

Sept. 21: The chess club will hold a scrimmage at 2:10 p.m.

Sept. 22: History teacher: "What other factors plagued the regime of John Adams?"

Holzkopf: "Mrs. Adams?"

Sept. 23: Today ye RRR attended his second assembly . . . There are now 956 light bulbs in the assembly hall.

Sept. 24: Master Alpha to Master Gamma: "I usually don't give five marks, but this boy was a friend of the family."

Sept. 25: Overheard in 208:

Master: In London, where I come from, they change the guard every day.

Bright Student: Why? Are they dirty?

Sept. 28: Thought for today: "Beware of insipid ponderosity. Let your imparations possess coalescent harmony and coherent validity. Eschew all pretentious, incessant, and inconsistent loquacity and asinine self-assumptions. Use understandable and veracious animation without empty blustering and ranting talk. Shrewdly avoid all verbosity and verbal acuity."

TRANSLATION: "Be clear, think for yourself and be brief."

Sept. 29: Overheard in 306:

Master: Whom did you have last year for English?

Young Wizard: Mr. Sullivan, sir.

Master: Well surely he taught you grammar.

Young Wizard: Yes, sir, but I was absent the day he taught it.

Sept. 30: A flunk is a flunk, is a flunk.

Oct. 1: Overheard in 134:

The whole is equal to some of its parts.

Oct. 2: Ye R.R.R. is one of the stalwarts who went to Revere Beach to watch the eclipse at 6:45 this morning. It was rained out, but we are hoping for a doubleheader tomorrow.

Oct. 5: Overheard in 304:

"When they said you were a wit they
were half right."

Oct. 6: Ye RRR celebrated the anniversary of his driver's license by composing a little poem.

Advice to the motorist:
When you step on the throttle
Don't give it the gas
Give it Axolotl.

Oct. 7: Master: "Name three bases, Willie."

Willie: "First base, second base, third base."

Oct. 8: Order of the Military:

"I don't want any boy scout, English or Shawmut Indian salutes."

Oct. 13: "I know, I know — you're not conceited, although you have every right to be."

Oct. 14: Overheard in chemistry lab. — as experiment backfires:

Master: Well, just don't do something — stand there."

Oct. 15: Overheard in 119:

Master: Zorch, how would you say:
"He is not coming?"

Zorch: *Il ne vient.*

Master: Where's your *pas*?

Zorch: "He works, sir."

Oct. 16: What is yellow, weighs 1000 pounds, and flies?

Answer — two five hundred pound canaries.

Oct. 19: Ye RRR has finally decided what he will be when he graduates — AN OLD MAN.

Oct. 20: The NMSQT, in 5 parts (not to be confused with the PSAT, formerly the SQT, in two parts) is given by the NMSC. The code number for the SQT is 530,185; for the PSAT, 220,185. Any questions?

Oct. 21: Vote for Freeport Haven, errrr Haven Freport, errr Free Havenport, ahhh, forget it!!!

Oct. 22: Senior football player, "Yu know yer the most insignificant little thing in this school."

Impofasixie: "I'm not always this small;
I've got a cold."

Oct. 26: Some money was found today.

Will the person who lost a dollar with a picture of George Washington on it please write?

Oct. 27: There was a meeting of the Horticultural Club today.

Oct. 28: Overheard in 229:

Master: Boys, always remember, refuse to be connected with any association that operates at a deficit. That is the first rule of big business."

Snide Student: "Sir, are you still an American citizen?"

Oct. 29: Ye R.R.R. heard rumors today that the Senior Class is considering the gift of a cuckoo clock to replace the present bell system.

Oct. 30: Overheard in 119:

Master: "I think you had better take a mark."

Agreeable élève: "Where to, Sir?"

Nov. 2: "Happy November 2!"

Nov. 4: Professor: "All right boys. You were told Monday to write a 5000 word essay about some famous leader in American or British History. Whom did you pick, Smiff?"

Smiff: "Al Capone."

Nov. 6: The reward of a thing well done is to have it done. Okay, Ralph, wha'd'y' gotta say about that?

Nov. 9: "Volunteer: one who acts from choice or free will."
Hmmmmmmmmmm.

Nov. 10: Overheard on third floor:

Master to a Senior: "What are you running for?"

Senior, going by at 45 m.p.h.: "Class Committee, Sir."

Nov. 11: Hey, Man, what holiday is this?

Nov. 12: Overheard in 221:

Master: Were there any words on the vocabulary list that you didn't understand.

Smirch: Eschew!

Master: Gesundheit.

Nov. 13: Who says that Friday the 13th means bad luck? Ye RRR passed one of his tests today.

Nov. 16: Ye RR would like to take this opportunity to thank previous writers of this column, without whose help he could not have written it.

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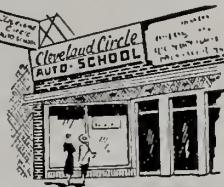
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